MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

SETH C. MOFFATT.

FEB. 29, 1888.

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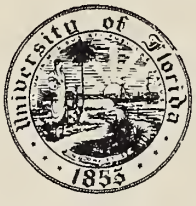

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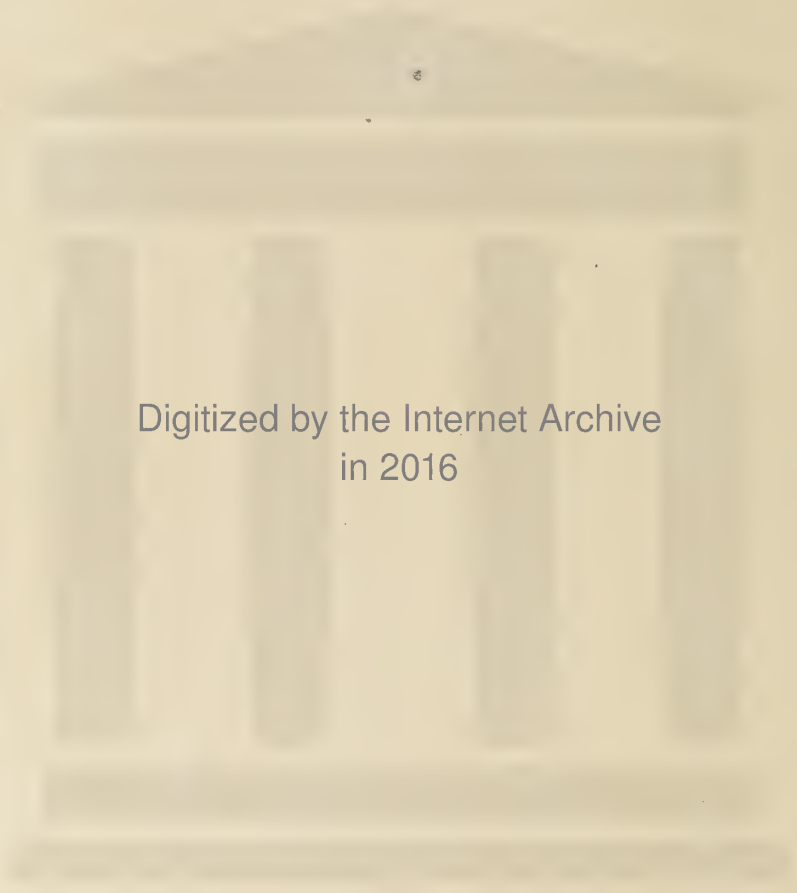

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MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

SETH C. MOFFATT

(A REPRESENTATIVE FROM MICHIGAN),

DELIVERED IN THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND IN THE SENATE,

FIFTIETH CONGRESS, FIRST SESSION.

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON:
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.
1889.

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Joint resolution to print twelve thousand five hundred copies of the eulogies on SETH C. MOFFATT, late a Representative in Congress.

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That there be printed of the eulogies delivered in Congress upon the late SETH C. MOFFATT, a Representative in the Fiftieth Congress from the State of Michigan, twelve thousand five hundred copies, of which three thousand copies shall be for the use of the Senate and nine thousand five hundred for the use of the House of Representatives; and the Secretary of the Treasury be, and he is hereby, directed to have printed a portrait of the said SETH C. MOFFATT, to accompany said eulogies; and for the purpose of engraving and printing said portrait the sum of five hundred dollars, or so much thereof as may be necessary, is hereby appropriated out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated.

Approved, May 21, 1888.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

DECEMBER 22, 1887.

Mr. BURROWS. Mr. Speaker, it becomes my painful duty, on behalf of the Michigan delegation, to announce to this House the death of our esteemed colleague, Hon. SETH C. MOFFATT, who died in this city this morning, at half past 7 o'clock.

In his death the delegation feels a personal bereavement. Those who had the pleasure of his acquaintance, I am sure, feel the loss of a genial and true-hearted friend. The State has lost a wise and able counselor.

This is not the time for eulogy. On some more fitting occasion we shall ask the House to join us in a further tribute to his memory. For the present I offer the resolutions I send to the desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with sincere regret the announcement of the death of Hon. SETH C. MOFFATT, late a Representative from the State of Michigan.

Resolved by the House of Representatives (the Senate concurring), That a select joint committee, consisting of seven members of the House and three members of the Senate, be appointed to take order for superintending the funeral and to escort the remains of the deceased to their place of burial; and the necessary expenses attending the execution of this order be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House be authorized and directed to take such steps as may be necessary for properly carrying out the provisions of these resolutions.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate the foregoing resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the House do now adjourn.

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The SPEAKER. Before submitting the resolutions the Chair desires to state that if the resolutions be adopted the committee, with the consent of the House, will be selected after the adjournment, and the Chair will cause the names to be entered upon the Journal of its proceedings.

There was no objection, and it was so ordered.

The following committee was appointed by the Speaker: Mr. Cutcheon, of Michigan; Mr. Brewer, of Michigan; Mr. Wade, of Missouri; Mr. Fisher, of Michigan; Mr. Ford, of Michigan; Mr. Lyman, of Iowa, and Mr. Shively, of Indiana.

The resolutions of Mr. Burrows were then unanimously agreed to; and accordingly the House adjourned.

FEBRUARY 29, 1888.

The SPEAKER *pro tempore*. The time has arrived for the special order to be taken up, which the Clerk will report.

The Clerk read as follows:

Ordered, That February 29, 1888, at 3 o'clock p. m., be set apart for the consideration of resolutions relating to the death of Hon. SETH C. MOFFATT.

Address of Mr. Burrows, of Michigan.

Mr. Speaker, this hour, by common consent of the membership of the House, has been set apart for the purpose of paying tribute to the memory of our deceased colleague, Hon. Seth C. Moffatt. This high mark of respect will be appreciated by the people of his district, who, regardless of party affiliations, were personally attached to him, by the State which always delighted to honor him, and by his family, whose loss is irreparable.

It was not my good fortune to have known Mr. Moffatt long, having never met him until 1884; but I knew him long enough and well enough to know the manliness of his character and the sincerity of his friendship. I can not, therefore, forbear this tribute before I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the business of the House be suspended, that suitable honors may be paid to the memory of Hon. Seth C. Moffatt, late a Representative from the State of Michigan.

Resolved, That in the death of Mr. Moffatt the country has sustained the loss of a safe legislator, a patriotic citizen, and an able and faithful public servant.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to his memory the House, at the conclusion of these ceremonies, shall adjourn.

Resolved, That the House communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Address of Mr. Allen, of Michigan.

Mr. Speaker, it is not, sir, among the least of the glories of this Republic that here men can rise to eminence and power independently of the accident of birth. The only blue blood which is recognized among us is that which throbs from honest hearts to feed healthy brains, and the only success that men achieve in this country is a success founded upon what is within themselves.

It is the lot of most men who rise to high positions in this Republic to have been born of poor parentage and in early life to have known what it is to be hampered by the hard lines of poverty. These obstacles, which in any other nation would thwart and prevent the rise of nine out of ten, in a republic are what impel men to do those things that finally make a character that the world recognizes and respects.

Mr. Moffatt was one of these. He had no aids except those which God had given him. He had to hew his way to eminence and power by his innate industry and worth, and he achieved what few men do—success—while at the same time preserving in every relation of life the most perfect integrity.

If we look to see upon what foundation his character was built we will find at its base integrity. No man ever lived who was defrauded by Seth C. Moffatt. No man ever lived who carried away from his presence a feeling that he had been wronged. No man could ever lay at his door corruption. He stood pre-eminently upon moral principles in all his dealings with his fellow-men. Combined with this was a gentleness like that of a woman.

He never, no matter by what excitement he might be surrounded, gave way to impetuosity or to anger. But with

that gentleness was coupled a firmness that withstood all obstacles. With a frail body he had a spirit of indomitable courage, and that spirit never did and never would yield at any point where his convictions were the other way. Upon this foundation he built that manly character and achieved that reputation which will go along with the history of the great State of which he was such an important and beloved citizen.

How suddenly the summons came to him! On that afternoon when he left this Hall, whoever else might have walked with him, in the corridor he was joined by the sweet angel of death, who locked arms and walked beside him until his spirit beheld "the land that is afar off," and saw "the King in his beauty." When those mortal eyes became oblivious to the scenes about him, when those mortal ears were stopped, the spirit still lingered in that frail tenement of clay. Where it was wandering then I know not, but I know that he had a faith that was sufficient for that hour which comes to each. I have no doubt that although the earthly tenement was unable to make any sign, the spirit was active in contemplating those wonderful scenes where it now is, and as it waited it could say:

And so, beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm can ever come to me
On ocean or on shore.
I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air,
I only know I can not drift
Beyond His love and care.

And so this spirit with which we were so familiar went out from among us, never to return. How grand is the thought, how consoling is it to men who do think, that a spirit thus coming from God goes back to Him, there to increase in glory and power as long as the ages of eternity shall roll! He died young in years; but, sir, while it is true

that "our time is a very shadow that passeth away," it is also true that "honorable age is not that which standeth in length of time nor that is measured by numbers of years, but wisdom is the gray hair unto men, and an unspotted life is old age."

> The great work laid upon his two-score years
> Is done, and well done. If we drop our tears
> We mourn no blighted hope nor broken plan
> With him whose life stands rounded and approved
> In the full growth and stature of a man.

Address of Mr. Wade, of Missouri.

Mr. Speaker, my acquaintance with Mr. Moffatt began at the opening of the first session of the Forty-ninth Congress. Chance in drawing seats placed me by his side, and during the latter part of that session we jointly occupied a suite of rooms, and for months were as intimately associated as two members of a common family.

Thus situated I had every opportunity to study his character, to know its strength and weakness, and while I do not say he was without faults, I do say that he came as near filling my idea of the true man as any I had ever known. He was ambitious only to serve his constituents faithfully, strong in his affections and convictions, clear in judgment, fertile in expedient, courageous in action, ready in conclusion, honest and just in dealings, generous to a fault, and unselfish and devoted in his friendship.

It is no wonder, then, sir, possessing as he did all these ennobling traits of mind and heart, that he drew around him warm and devoted friends, was successful in his profession and honored by his fellow-citizens.

Commencing life with no aid save that of a clear head and willing hands, he soon occupied a prominent position

in his profession and had laid the foundation for a substantial fortune.

It has been said that some men achieve honors, others have them thrust upon them. In his case honors were thrust upon him. He filled many important offices in his State, was speaker of its house of representatives, was twice elected a member of this House, yet never sought an office. But I shall not speak of his history and acts before he came to Congress.

As a member of this House he was prompt in attendance, at all times thoroughly acquainted with its business, and was perhaps the best informed man in the rules and parliamentary usages governing it of any of its members whose term of service was no longer than his. His quick discernment, ready comprehension, and retentive memory, together with the ability to bring the full strength of his mind and all of his information to bear on a given subject, peculiarly fitted him for a parliamentarian.

The measure of a member's usefulness, and this is especially true of a new one, is determined by the bills he succeeds in passing directly benefiting the constituency he represents. Measuring SETH C. MOFFATT by this standard, it would prove him the most useful member Michigan ever sent to this House. Before he came to Congress his district had been represented by men of commanding ability, men who had earned a national reputation, yet when we contrast what they did for the district with what he did we find that he accomplished more in one Congress than they did in many.

Had the river and harbor bill become a law by the signature of the President, the works which would have been constructed under it for the benefit and protection of the shipping interest of our Great Lakes would have been monuments to his energy, industry, and legislative ability, which

would have stood for all time, and his grateful constituency, looking upon them, would have said, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

I do not know, Mr. Speaker, that there is a supernatural or other influence which comes to us and gives notice that the time has almost come when we will lay down life burdens, and all the ties binding us to earth will be severed. But I have heard it said that when those who, possessing a bright hope of a glorious immortality, were just passing under the shadows of the clouds of the valley of death, their feet just touching the waters of the dark river, they would appear to be under an influence not earthly, would speak of scenes most wonderful in beautiful language, and while they thus talked the air would seem filled with the grand harmony of that song sung by the angels and spirits of the just when a redeemed soul enters the gates of the crystal city.

But I do know, Mr. Speaker, that on the last night which our dead colleague spent on earth when conscious, when there was no sound in the room in which we were audible to me, but perhaps to him the fluttering of the wings of the Angel of Death, he talked to me as he had never done before. I wish now, because of his death, which came so suddenly that his wife and children were not present, that the power might be given me to turn back the wheels of time to that evening, or that I might have the power to reproduce the scene and enable his wife to hear what he said of her. If she could hear that conversation, she would learn that of all things earthly she was the dearest to him. Could she have heard him say as he did to me, "Oh, how I wish my wife were here, that she might take my hand in hers, that I might feel the influence of her presence, for I know I could then sleep," she would have known that he wished for

her more than all others. And I would have her listen to other words expressive of tender love and holy affection that I might here repeat did I not believe them too holy for even this occasion. Could I do this, Mr. Speaker, I am sure Mrs. Moffatt would go away thanking God for the love of her husband, and that the words she had heard spoken would be a well-spring of joy each day of the journey of life which she now treads alone.

I would bring the children to this scene and have them hear him speak of his affection for and trust in them, and I am sure they would go away inspired by a determination never to do anything to bring discredit upon their father's honored name.

Mr. Speaker, I believe that sorrow is the deepest, most felt, which is not spoken; and were it not the custom to speak on such occasions as this, I should have remained silent. The sentence which I have spoken, the words I have used, neither convey my idea of the worth nor express my sorrow for the loss which I in common with others have sustained in the death of SETH MOFFATT. To his family I extend my warmest sympathy, to his State my regrets, to the members of the House my sorrow, and for myself I would say that a bright friendship has gone out of my life forever and its place I do not hope to see filled.

ADDRESS OF MR. CUTCHEON, OF MICHIGAN.

Mr. Speaker, once more we have halted for a little hour in the great march of events to decorate a new-made grave. Once more the shadow of a dark wing falls across our pathway, and a sudden chill admonishes us of the nearness of an unseen presence.

Death is as universal as life itself. It is the one fact that must come to all mortality. Soon or late, to every one of us will come the relentless messenger with the stern command, "Come!" and we shall all "leave our mirth and our employments and shall come." No pleadings of engagements here, no excuse of unpreparedness, no influence of the powerful or prayers of the loving can stay the stern decree or buy off the grim executioner.

We go out into the busy, thronging street, into the swarming haunts of men, into the crowded gatherings of youth and beauty or of the strength and splendor of manhood and womanhood, and life seems to press in full and swelling tides everywhere. The flashing eye, the mantling cheek, the eloquent lip, the rounded and exuberant form, all tell of an overflowing vitality, an all-pervading life. And yet by the side of each one lurks even now the unperceived shadow, too impalpable as yet to be discerned, but just as real and as certain as the presence of life. Yet when the shadow reveals itself, when the clearly foreseen and inevitable hour comes, it comes with the surprise and shock of a mystery and a calamity.

This was the shock that came to me when on the morning of the 22d of December last, as I walked up the avenue to this Capitol, I saw the flag over the House ascend until it stopped at half-mast, and then, seemingly refusing to go to the peak, hung drooping and sorrow-laden midway on the staff; and as I looked it came to me, with an apprehension as if a voice had spoken it, that SETH C. MOFFATT was dead.

And such proved to be the fact.

Already the intelligence had sped on lightning wings to his distant home, and to meet his broken-hearted wife, as she was hastening to his side. and out into the wide country from ocean to ocean.

How various was the meaning of that message to those to whom it came!

To the stranger to whom it was only the mention of a name; to the people of his State, which he had served in many public capacities; to his constituents, who had learned to look to him as a trusted leader and representative; to his neighbors, who had witnessed his growth and success with pride, and to the family whose life was bound in closest ties with his own.

The spotless snows of northern Michigan lie thick and silent now above the snowy forehead and the folded hands.

The frost-laden winds of Grand Traverse Bay, on whose picturesque shores he spent all his manhood years, now sweep through the branches of the sighing pines that stand as stately sentinels above his grave, while we, his colleagues, gather here about the seat he lately occupied, to pay our tribute of respect to his life and memory.

SETH C. MOFFATT was born at Battle Creek, in the State of Michigan, August 10, 1841. He died in the city of Washington, December 22, 1887, and was buried at Traverse City, Mich., December 26, 1887.

Embraced within the parentheses of these dates was a life of earnest endeavor, of unsullied honor, of usefulness to his community, State, and nation, and crowned with a large measure of the appreciation of his fellow-citizens.

Born to that best estate of our American society, the intelligent middle class, he was neither fettered by the unhappy limitations of actual poverty nor enervated by the seductions of wealth, which might relieve him of the beneficent necessity for effort and honorable work.

His boyhood was that of the average Michigan boy of forty years ago, when none were rich, when work was honorable to all, and indolence was discreditable to any. His

early tuition was that of the public common school, that great equalizer of American citizenship, in which he made such good progress that in the fall of 1858 he removed with his parents to Colon, in St. Joseph County, where for two years he engaged in teaching, at the same time preparing himself for college. In 1860 he entered the literary department of the University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor. I was then in my last undergraduate year in that institution, and I still remember well the slight, smooth-faced boy who then came to us.

One peculiar physical characteristic, which must have struck all who ever became acquainted with him, impressed me the first time I ever met him; it was the extreme smallness of his hand. It was as slender and flexible as a girl's.

The acquaintance then begun was never long interrupted until his death, and by the appointment of this House it was my melancholy duty to stand by his open grave when under the wintry skies of his northern home he was laid in his last resting place.

I know not what changed his original purpose, whether it was pecuniary considerations or an impatience to engage in the actual work of life, but, for whatever cause, at the end of one year he abandoned the literary course and entered the law school of the University of Michigan, from which he graduated in 1863. During his last year in the law school he was a part of the time employed in the office of Hon. Thomas M. Cooley, then dean of the faculty and justice of the supreme court of Michigan, and now the distinguished jurist and chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

After his graduation and admission to the bar he entered the law office of Hon. Byron D. Ball, of Grand Rapids, Mich. (afterward attorney-general of the State), where he

remained until the spring of 1864, when he removed to Lyons, in Ionia County, where he began the practice of the law. As fate would have it, to this same county of Ionia I came also, in the summer of 1866, to engage in the practice of the law, having in the mean time served three years in the Army and graduated from the same Michigan law school, and so once more our paths ran together.

In the fall of 1866 Mr. MOFFATT was a candidate before the Republican county convention for the nomination of circuit court commissioner, but was beaten by a young one-armed soldier lately home from the war and also commencing the practice of the law, and now a justice of the supreme court of Michigan, Hon. A. Benton Morse. Shortly before this time the county of Leelanaw had been organized. The county was new and they were short of material for prosecuting attorney. Mr. MOFFATT was urged to come to Leelanaw County. He did so ; and while yet only constructively a resident of that county he was nominated for the office of prosecuting attorney and duly elected, an office he continued to hold for four years. At the same time he was appointed deputy collector of customs at Northport.

Again, in 1867, it happened that I followed Mr. MOFFATT'S movement northward and put out my sign in the infant city of Manistee, so that once more Mr. MOFFATT and myself were brought into the same legislative, senatorial, and Congressional districts.

In the autumn of 1870, at a senatorial convention held in my own town, and over which I had the honor to preside, Mr. MOFFATT was nominated for State senator. He was elected and served for two years with marked ability, and at the end of that time was appointed by the governor, Hon. John J. Bagley, a member of the constitutional commission to revise the constitution of the State. He acquitted himself as an efficient member of that body.

Meanwhile the legislature, of which he was a member, had made a new Congressional apportionment of the State, creating the new Ninth district, embracing all the district recently represented by Mr. MOFFATT (the Eleventh), and also all the counties embraced in the present Ninth district excepting Muskegon. In August, 1872, the first Republican convention met in the new district to nominate a candidate for Congress. The district was strongly Republican, and a nomination was considered equivalent to an election. There were four candidates before the convention, among whom Mr. MOFFATT stood second in point of strength. The leading candidate was Hon. Hiram A. Burt, of Marquette, and after Mr. MOFFATT came Hon. Jay A. Hubbell, of Houghton, while Hon. D. L. Filer had the two votes of Mason County. After balloting all the afternoon a combination was formed among the minor candidates. An arrangement was made that all the anti-Burt votes should be thrown to Mr. MOFFATT three times. unless a nomination was sooner reached; then all should be thrown to Mr. Hubbell in like manner for three times, unless a nomination was made before that number of ballots. Each delegate had half a vote, and on the third ballot Mr. MOFFATT lacked only one-half a vote of sufficient to nominate him. Then the combination cast their votes for Mr. Hubbell, and on the second ballot he was nominated, having secured the vote of the one delegate necessary. Mr. Hubbell was elected, and continued the Representative of that district for ten years and until the present apportionment was made. Thus for the want of a single vote Mr. MOFFATT was delayed twelve years in his entry upon Congressional life.

In 1874 Mr. MOFFATT was appointed register of the United States land office at Traverse City, Mich., and in consequence of this appointment he removed to that place, where he continued to reside until his death.

He continued to hold the office of register until the land office was removed to Reed City, in 1878. In the latter year he was elected prosecuting attorney for Grand Traverse County, and in 1880 he was elected a representative in the legislature, and on the convening of that body he was selected as speaker of the house. The session had hardly more than fairly commenced when he was stricken down with typhoid fever, which kept him from the duties of his office during most of the session and at one time threatened a fatal termination.

During his incumbency of the speakership a new Congressional apportionment was made, and Mr. MOFFATT'S county, with three other small counties, was detached from the "Lower Peninsula," and with the "Upper Peninsula" constituted the new Eleventh district.

In 1882 Mr. MOFFATT'S friends, after a lapse of ten years, again pressed him for the Congressional nomination, but the Hon. Edward Breitung, of Marquette County, was the successful candidate. Mr. Breitung's failing health constrained him to decline a renomination, and Mr. MOFFATT, in 1884, succeeded in securing the nomination which had eluded him by so narrow a margin in 1872. He was elected by a majority of more than 7,000, and in 1886 he was renominated without opposition and re-elected to the Fiftieth Congress.

Of his career in this House it is unnecessary for me to speak. He was a quiet and unostentatious member, never conspicuous, and yet he brought about results without appearing to exert himself. He took a profound interest in the commercial development of his district and was ever on the alert for any measure that promised well for the upbuilding of the great interests intrusted to his care. At the time of his unexpected and lamented death he was planning

large things for the improvement of the great northern waterway from the new Northwest to the sea.

Mr. Speaker, I shall not prolong this brief sketch of his life by any attempt to analyze his character. I shall leave that for others, with only a few words. One of the great secrets of his success, perhaps the chief one, was that he was a friendly man. He was essentially of the people. He never put any distance between him and the humblest or least cultured man. He met and greeted all in a friendly way. The same traits served him as a lawyer. He made friends with juries and gained their confidence, and he impressed a conviction of his sincerity upon the court. In the political campaign he made votes not so much by speeches or by public meetings as by mingling freely among the people, not with an assumed cordiality, but with a genuine and natural sincerity and real friendliness. He managed campaigns in such a quiet way that he did not appear to manage at all. He was an excellent judge of human nature. He knew upon whom to depend and where not to put his trust, and he was rarely mistaken in his judgments. He had a genuine love for politics and public life. Few were the State conventions of his party after he came to manhood at which the familiar face and form of SETH MOFFATT was not seen. He had that most desirable faculty for a man in public life, an almost intuitive memory of men and names. There was no man of any prominence in either party in his State that he did not know and meet upon friendly terms. No man in the State was more familiar with its political history than Mr. MOFFATT. He knew all about the men who had been the leaders in the State from the beginning. He was in no sense an idealist nor an extremist, but he was a man of strong convictions, and his political allegiance was held with a firm and unfaltering devotion.

Such were some of his more noticeable characteristics.

He was of a genuine American type, developed by our system of social equality and our political system of equal rights in government. He came fr m the people; he was emphatically of the people; and he was most highly esteemed by them. No one who witnessed the universal mourning of the community when he was borne to his rest could doubt for a moment that he held a place very near to the hearts of the people among whom he dwelt.

It was Christmas morning and all the earth was covered with a deep mantle of beautiful fresh-fallen snow which was still falling in large feathery flakes when the funeral train swept out from the somber pine and hemlock woods of northern Michigan, on to the very shore of Grand Traverse Bay, and the long journey of more than a thousand miles from this capital to his lakeside home was completed.

It seemed almost as though the whole community had come out on that still Sabbath morning to show their respect for their neighbor and friend. Hundreds of hardy workingmen, with the business men and professional men, stood with uncovered heads in the fast-falling snow as the casket was borne from the station to the unpretentious home from which, just one month before, he had gone out full of high purpose and strong hope.

On the following morning, accompanied by a great concourse of his fellow-citizens of all classes and conditions, we bore him to his final resting place. As we stood by the open grave, the clouds, which had hung heavy and snow-laden through the morning, parted, and a burst of brilliant sunshine out of a blue sky flooded the scene and gilded the white earth with a beauty and splendor indescribable.

There we left him.

Mr. Speaker, the task which was assigned to us is done.

We have borne all that was mortal of our late colleague and friend from this capital, away beyond the mountains, across "the beautiful river," through great commonwealths, to the State that gave him birth, and to which he devoted his life; past the spot where he was born, on the banks of the Kalamazoo; past that modern Athens where he was educated; past the beautiful "valley city" where he commenced his professional life; past the capital where he presided as speaker and discharged the duties of a senator; past all that stands for the work and worry, for the stress and struggle of life, to that blessed spot, so redolent of all that is sweetest and most sacred, of all that is serenest and most restful—his home. In the midst of the great State where he was born and to which he was ever so loyal, among the constituents he represented so ably and faithfully, surrounded by the neighbors and friends who loved him and mourn him, and the dear ones who cherish his memory as their most sacred treasure, we have left him to his quiet sleep.

May he rest in peace.

Address of Mr. Ford, of Michigan.

Mr. Speaker, it is with deep sorrow that I arise to pay tribute to the memory of my friend and colleague, Seth C. Moffatt. I had known him a long time, and while we differed upon political questions, our relations were of the most friendly and cordial nature. And I am thankful that in all our intercourse no word or action ever occurred to interrupt the kindly feeling that existed between us.

Mr. Moffatt was a native of the State whose district he represented, being born in Battle Creek, Mich., in 1841. He received a common-school education, and graduated at the

law school of the Michigan University. Many times had the people reposed confidence in him. He was a member of the State senate in 1871–'72, a member of the constitutional commission of 1873, and was speaker of the Michigan house of representatives in 1881–'82. He was elected to the Forty-ninth and Fiftieth Congresses. He was a thorough and consistent Republican. At the time of his death he was the leading apostle of that political faith in the district which he represented. But while he was a devotee of the principles of the Republican party, some of his most intimate associates were Democrats. He was a man who made friends wherever he went, and who had the respect of all who knew him, regardless of party.

It is customary to speak well of those who have passed away. The old Latin maxim, "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*," is an excellent one. But in respect to my dead colleague it is not necessary to invoke the application of this maxim, because if we speak truthfully we can say of him nothing but good. He was a sterling man, true to the core, liberal and magnanimous, with a pure and stainless character. He possessed the qualities of activity and perseverance in a remarkable degree. He was an indefatigable worker in any matter on which he was bent, and no member of this House was more industrious in behalf of the interests of his constituents than he. He was of a kind disposition, open-hearted and generous, modest and gentle as a woman.

One would make a mistake to think that under his quiet and unostentatious manner there did not lie any resolution and firmness. He was peculiarly possessed of those qualities. I remember an instance which well illustrates this. When he was a member of the legislature, in 1881–'82, he was elected speaker of the house. Some time after serving at the regular session he was taken ill. His indisposition

was protracted so long that it was feared he would not recover. Right at this time, while he lay upon a sick bed, an extra session of the legislature was called by the governor. Thinking that he could not live to assume the duties of speaker, many members of the legislature commenced to discuss the question as to who should be his successor. Just prior to the opening of the session this subject was considerably agitated. But Mr. MOFFATT, with indomitable energy, arose from his sick bed, and when the hour for the convening of the legislature arrived, to the surprise of a great many, he appeared in the speaker's chair, weak and pale, but very determined, and took the gavel and called the house to order.

When the committee of this House which accompanied his remains to their last resting place arrived at his home the scenes were touching indeed, and I can fully indorse all that has been said in that respect by the gentleman [Mr. Cutcheon] who preceded me. I never saw more genuine sorrow manifested than at Traverse City when we laid him away. The town was draped in mourning, business was wholly suspended, and a sadness pervaded the entire community. Few men in northern Michigan will be missed more than he who so lately was with us full of life, hope, and ambition. As I stand here it seems but yesterday that I sat in this very Hall in friendly converse with him, and today he is clasped in the bosom of the earth and the winter snow of the north rests upon his grave.

As a lawyer he was industrious and successful, as a citizen he was high minded and exemplary, and as a friend he was staunch and true. By his death this House has been deprived of one of its most worthy and able members, his district of a faithful and conscientious representative; and his family have suffered the irreparable loss of a kind and indulgent father, a tender and loving husband.

He was but forty-six years of age; an age at which most men are considered to be in the prime of life. It is inexpressibly sad that one so beloved, at such an age, right in the zenith of his career, when such a fate was least expected, when his dear wife and children were a thousand miles away, should be so ruthlessly taken by the Angel of Death. But sooner or later it comes to us all.

> The glories of our mortal state
> Are shadows, not substantial things;
> There is no armor against fate;
> Death lays his icy hand on kings.
> Scepter and crown
> Must tumble down,
> And in the dust be equal made
> With the poor sickle, scythe, and spade.

His hopes and aspirations are crushed, his family are heartbroken; but he has gone where no pain, no sorrow, no anguish exists. He has been taken to that unknown hereafter from whence no traveler returns.

That there is a hereafter every man, it seems to me, must believe. I can not conceive how any one with human instincts can think otherwise. If there exists a person who honestly believes that when his eyes are closed in death nothing remains, then I say such a person is to be pitied. Can it be that at the conclusion of man's existence on this planet for a comparatively infinitesimal period of time—can it be, I say, that then, when dust is rendered into dust, all is ended? No.

> When matter and mind are perished and lost,
> And all that we see into chaos is tossed,
> From nothing to nothing we pass out alone,
> Like a flash or an echo, unknown, unknown.

No word comes back; we know not what awaits us. Still, I have something here in my innermost soul which tells me that this life is not the end; that beyond all this we have a wider, a higher, a nobler destiny. There lies in the human breast a something which says, "This is not all." What

an encouraging hope, what a divine thing it is for this world, this belief in a future existence! How could the widow and the fatherless children of our dead colleague bear up under their unutterable grief if the hope of a future reunion beyond the dark valley were taken away? To teach any other belief is unnatural—yes, it is monstrous.

Mr. Speaker, from all earthly scenes my associate is gone forever. But he will not be forgotten. His friends will ever keep his memory fresh in their hearts. And when the glorious summer comes, and the grass grows green, and the beautiful Michigan roses blossom on his grave, although hushed will be his lips in death, yet the tender blades and the perfume of the flowers will speak of him, and to those who knew him best will seem to say, "Beneath here sleeps one who was kind and noble and true."

Address of Mr. Oates, of Alabama.

Mr. Speaker, I can not permit this melancholy occasion to pass without uttering a brief tribute to the memory of my departed friend. I met Mr. Moffatt for the first time in the Forty-ninth Congress. I had barely a passing acquaintance with him until we were associated as members of the special telephone investigating committee.

Charges had been made assailing the honor of a member of the Cabinet and a number of other high officials, and published to the world in many of the leading newspapers. In the opinion of the House of Representatives these charges required an investigation, which was ordered, and a committee consisting of four Republican and five Democratic members was appointed for the performance of that duty. They were confronted by many difficulties, and sat for nearly

four months, the greater part of the time during the sessions of the House. A large volume of thirteen hundred pages of close print attests the work done by the committee. And although the report died upon the calendar with the expiration of that Congress, the evidence taken silenced the press and satisfied the country.

Nearly every day of the sessions of the committee controversies arose upon questions involved or incidental to the investigation we were instructed to make, which, owing to their supposed political significance, provoked unfriendly comment and sharp retort, not always unmixed with some warmth of feeling, in which nearly all at times participated; but Mr. MOFFATT, in strong contrast, was ever calm, amiable, and genial on these occasions. True to his convictions, his party, and associates, he was never harsh, extreme, nor unfair, but always respectful, considerate, and tolerant of the opinions of those with whom he differed. He was never radical, but truly conservative in his methods. He acted upon the wisdom of the proverb, "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger." In debate he was earnest, perspicuous, and sensible, rather than eloquent. By his urbane, pacific, and respectful demeanor he won the esteem and confidence of all of his associates. To estimate him at his true merit required an intimate personal acquaintance, and with those who enjoyed that he steadily grew in all the virtues which adorn true manhood.

Of the nine members of the committee of which I have spoken, he and myself were the only ones elected to the present Congress. When it assembled last December I met him apparently in good health. He greeted me with that hearty cordiality which was a part of his nature and which made him so estimable and popular. His prospects for a long and useful life were then apparently much greater than those of

most of us who have survived him. But, alas! he has met that fate which is our common heritage, and passed over the river to repose peacefully in the shade of the trees upon the other side.

ADDRESS OF MR. O'DONNELL, OF MICHIGAN.

Mr. Speaker, upon the assembling of the Forty-ninth Congress for the first time two members to whom I shall allude took their places in this Chamber. The elder came from the State of Louisiana, the younger from Michigan. They were much alike; in features there was some resemblance; both had held important trusts from their fellow-citizens. By nature they were reticent and retiring, but men of firm convictions. They were strangers when they came; in the drawing of seats they chose places in close proximity. The peculiar qualities and endowments of each attracted one to the other, and in a short time a warm friendship grew up. In a few months one was seized with an illness which in a brief time proved fatal. In his apartments, alone, while battling with death, the life blood welled up and he was found lying dead, his face to the morning stars, no longer ignorant of their solemn mysteries in his silent sleep. The survivor of the dual friendship grieved for his own and the country's loss. He served his term and so well did he demean himself that he was again commissioned to represent his people. At the convening of this Congress he chose his accustomed place and entered upon his duties. In a few days a slight indisposition assailed him, and the feeble frame yielded to the malady which poisoned the vital current, and, like his friend of two years agone, he suddenly crossed the line that divides time from eternity—was taken from earth

to the land where the soul wears its mantle of glory. They are released from earthly labor, and, like the soldiers of Mahomet, were speech a gift of the dead, would say, "In Paradise we shall rest."

Mr. Speaker, when the first of these was called away his colleagues invited me to pay a tribute to his memory. To this I acceded, and to-day, at these memorial services, in obedience to the wishes of his associates and to keep a promise to the dead—a pledge lightly exacted and more lightly given, but here solemnly redeemed—I attempt to weave a chaplet to the worth of my friend and late co-worker.

SETH C. MOFFATT, whose loss we deplore to-day, was born in the year 1841, at Battle Creek, Mich., a pleasant city in the district which I have the honor to represent. In that place his youth was spent. Among its generous people he tarried a few years, where he laid the foundation of an education afterward finished at Michigan's institute of learning—a university which is the pride of the inhabitants of the Peninsular State and is honored in every civilized land. Possessed of this capital, he removed to the then sparsely-settled portion of northern Michigan, which was his abiding place until he came to the national capital in December.

It is not easy to comprehend why this quiet man, in the midst of his preparations to join his loved ones in the far-away but dear home, where he would observe with them the festival which commemorates the coming of One who brought "peace on earth and good will to men," should, in the presence of the very well and spring of life, be gathered to the cold company of death. His friends had thought his illness would be brief, and that he would soon resume his place. I remember, oh! so vividly, visiting him while he lay ill. Although he had endured but a few hours of suffering, it had left its imprint of agony. Even then he was

upon the threshold of eternity, but we who stood about him did not realize it. He struggled for the breath which is life. He was released from the anguish of the disease that was sapping life, for kind nature had administered the anæsthetic of physical insensibility. As we two friends stood there the lips murmured "broken words through the closing door which opened to one world and shut out another." The sister of suffering humanity who was the gentle minister of relief, who watched without weariness, told us that he would be better on the morrow.

The morrow came; the sun gilded dome and marble palace; the morning, with eyes full of pitying sunshine, looked upon the face of the dead. The unseen messenger had waited around that couch until the hour when the disturbed chemistries of failing life could no longer resist, and as a new day came bore him away. He was better on the morrow, for as he was freed from the ligaments of the body he gazed upon the life to come as it is seen by the eyes of immortality. Wonderful mystery of life! Even greater mystery of death! How little, indeed, humanity knows of either. As we spoke to the leaden ears and told him of his dear ones journeying on the way to him we thought him returning. How meager our knowledge. The slender cord that moors us to time had been slackened, and even then he was drifting away to that still, strange land, the shadowy homes of the shadows. The nation's flag that floats above us was that day the ensign of woe, announcing his death to many before unaware of his illness.

Mr. Moffatt had aided in and was part of the development of his portion of our loved Michigan. He was animated by the same affection for that grand Commonwealth, his native State, that inspires all within its borders. The people of the section where he dwelt were not long in recog-

nizing his merits. For over twenty-one years he served them in places of trust and responsibility, in positions executive, legislative, and financial, always to his credit and to their satisfaction.

At last they called him to the high and honorable position of their representative in the Congress of the United States, where he served them faithfully for nearly three years. He was not wont to mingle in the strifes and forensic contests on this floor, but this modest and retiring man attended to those other equally important duties pertaining to service here. He served his country and constituency with fidelity. It was his fortune to represent a district where but little was required in attending to personal interests, and he had the opportunity so longed for by laborers in this House to become familiar with the great questions of the hour and study the wants and needs of all the people. He was not burdened with duties which are so irksome to many, the accumulation of which makes membership here a pillory rather than a post of honor. With a well-trained mind and application the future gave promise of greater usefulness. He believed the great high road of human welfare to lie along the old highway of steadfast well-doing, and in all his duties remembered the wise words of Solomon as an admonition: "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." All his work is ended, for he was, to our vision, too early summoned to the other world by death. Wherefore? This is humanity's same, eternally renewed question of our lives.

I have sketched imperfectly the life and services of SETH C. MOFFATT. As a citizen he met all the requirements of the highest citizenship. That is much indeed, and when so filled the title "American citizen" is a proud one. As a husband and father he was tender, considerate, and loving. Indeed, I

do not think this gentleman ever caused a tear save when he died. There was not a shred of littleness about him. He was always gratified at the success of any of his colleagues, and it is but justice to say, Mr. Speaker, the same kindly feeling permeates those from our State who survive him. It was not his intention to stay here long. His design was to serve his people as best he could for the remainder of the term allotted to him, and then go back to his home by the great lake, permitting others to bear the burden we all so gladly assume. He would turn aside from the thorny road of political life and devote himself to the profession he loved so well. He was happy in this resolve, and hope wove its roses in the blue web of the future. This decision he held to the end, and its contemplation sustained him. The thought of home was the last joy of memory that followed him to the boundaries of life.

This useful life is over and its reward cometh. Occasions like this bring to mind the Persian prayer, first uttered in the youth of the world, which comes down to us through the centuries with all its beauty of truth, "Purity and glory are sown for them that are pure and upright in heart." In uttering the words of praise for this life whose heart throbbings are stilled, we speak them as reverently as we would lay our hands upon the face of the dead.

The people among whom his manhood's years were passed evinced their deep regret at his departure from the world. They who trusted and honored him in the past lament the termination of a career with which their hopes were so closely interwoven, and to his family they with gentle hand and tender hearts would have lifted aside the veil of sorrow. They and we mournfully realize—

> Nothing is our own; we hold our pleasures
> First a little while, ere they are fled.
> One by one life robs us of our treasures;
> Nothing is our own except our dead.

Address of Mr. Whiting, of Michigan.

Mr. Speaker, I esteem it a very great privilege and a pleasure to add in a very few words my testimony on this occasion. For it was my good fortune also to have a personal acquaintance with the one in whose memory to-day this House lays aside its restless, urgent business and devotes most profitably more than a passing thought to the life and character of one whom to know was a pleasure and a benefit, and in whose death this House lost one of its most upright, consistent, and honored members.

Free from selfish ambition or personal resentment, he was loved by every true man with whom he was thrown in contact. Genial and unpretending, he had a face and a manner which inspired confidence and secured good will. Rising above the politician, he was a statesman above reproach from partisan or opponent—a pride to the State of Michigan, one whom in life she "delighted to honor" and in death she will not forget. Seth C. Moffatt builded well his own monument, for the memory and the influences of his pure life will live when the chiselings of marble will have been effaced and the emblems of mortal greatness have decayed.

Address of Mr. Osborne, of Pennsylvania.

Mr. Speaker, Seth C. Moffatt was my friend. I can not therefore allow the hour to pass without paying a tribute of respect to his memory. He was held in very high esteem by all gentlemen who were acquainted with him and who knew his excellent qualities of head and heart. He was one of those pleasant, warm-hearted men whose company is al-

ways appreciated and whose deportment is commended by the best society.

Born in Michigan, educated in her schools and at her university, he there laid the foundations for a life of useful and intelligent action that brought distinction to himself and reflected honor on his native land. Indeed, his career is one to which his friends can point with just pride and from which may be drawn many practical lessons worthy of emulation by the youth of our land. I think his life is a striking example of the great work energy may accomplish when directed by an earnest devotion to truth and honor.

Few men have been more successful in producing solid results from life's battle than was he. Starting from an unpretending station, in the brief period of forty-five years he became a distinguished member of the bar, a leading and influential State senator, speaker of the lower house of the Michigan legislature, a member of the constitutional commission, delegate to the Republican national convention, a Representative from Michigan in the Forty-ninth and in the Fiftieth Congress of the United States.

Chosen and rechosen, always indorsed by the people in his official stations; placed in the balance and never found wanting.

In truth, here was a man whose early death is most deeply to be deplored.

A quiet, modest man, who had a soul radiant with heavenly light. Full of generous, sympathetic impulses for his fellow-man, I do not wonder that his people mourned and refused to be comforted when they realized that he had passed away and had gone out from amongst them forever.

I would pour oil and wine into the broken and contrite hearts of his bereaved family.

They have sustained a loss no words I may sound can al-

leviate. His taking off was so unexpected; so near the Christmas season, when the heart is aglow with affection, it did not seem possible that one so noble and true, and useful in the affairs of life, could be then selected as a target for death.

It is touchingly sad to those who knew him to remember how anxiously he was looking forward to the time when his dear wife and children would join him at Washington for the winter. Only the day before he was confined to his bed he dwelt upon their coming with unusual warmth of feeling, and rejoiced exceedingly when he thought the day of their coming could not be deferred much longer.

Alas! how weak and insignificant is man. In the midst of our greatest prosperity we are traveling nearest the brink of destruction. When just ready to take a sip from the cup of earthly sweetness, it is turned to bitter gall.

His wife and children came; but how changed the conditions! The wife a widow and the children fatherless; the affectionate husband, the kind and loving parent, cold in death. The tenderest affections of the human heart are suddenly scalded by the bitterest tears of bereavement.

Human sympathy in such a presence is best shown in silence, bowing in humble submission to Him who sitteth on the circle of eternity and ruleth the universe.

Men build cities and endow institutions of charity and die remembered for their beneficence. They erect the splendid mausoleum pointing towards heaven and cover it all over with the story of their deeds, and die hoping that the world will not willingly forget their names and memory. They stamp the record of their deeds upon their age in letters of enduring brass that generations yet unborn may rise up and call them great.

By the grave of SETH C. MOFFATT I would plant a rose

and a honey-suckle. I would bedew them with my tears. His name is written by the hand of affection in the hearts of the people, and there his memory is inscribed and will remain, a lasting tribute to truth and honor, a noble example of an upright life and an evidence of the blessings of our free institutions.

Address of Mr. Cannon, of Illinois.

Mr. Speaker, Seth C. Moffatt and I were friends. During his service in the Forty-ninth Congress we lived at the same hotel, were associates and companions, and were seatmates in the Fiftieth Congress. There was no member of the House to whom I was more attached. He was an honest, candid, able, modest man, a lawyer by profession. Nature gave him an excellent legal mind, which, aided by industry and character, enabled him to rank with the first class in his profession.

Members of this body rarely, if ever, do themselves justice as legislators in the first Congress of their service. Mr. Moffatt was not an exception to this rule. Knowing his competency, his friends frequently urged him to take an active part in the debates of the House; he generally declined, saying he would quietly serve one term in Congress and be more active in the future in the event of his continued service. His attainments at the bar, and his legislative experience in his State, having served in the Michigan legislature as speaker of the house of representatives, coupled with his sterling personal qualities and liberal culture, promised a career in the House honorable to himself and useful to the country. His was a character that grew on those with whom he came in contact. He was of that

class of men who can be depended upon to do their part, to answer the drafts drawn upon them. It is such men in public and private life that make our civilization both stable and progressive.

During Mr. MOFFATT'S last illness I saw him frequently. He suffered greatly, yet was cheerful and hopeful. Neither he nor his friends apprehended that his disease was to prove fatal. He greatly desired to spend the approaching holidays at his home in Michigan with his wife and children, neighbors and friends, insisting that he could make the journey in his then condition.

On Monday prior to his decease on Wednesday, he realized that his strength was not sufficient to warrant the journey. His last conscious act was the writing of telegrams to his wife and son that he could not be with them on Christmas, but hoped the family would be together at home and have as good a time as possible. We telegraphed his wife to come. She did not arrive until after his decease on Wednesday. He was spending an eternal holiday on the other shore.

Of the state for us all on the other side, we only know through faith and hope. To my mind the most reasonable hope as to the future is that each one will find a place according to his loves. I shall be content—ay, more, glad—if, when my time comes to cross to the unknown, I shall find a place in company with SETH C. MOFFATT and such as he.

ADDRESS OF MR. HAYES, OF IOWA.

Mr. Speaker, there are quite a number of the members of this House that knew more of Mr. MOFFATT in his manhood than myself, but I doubt if any more keenly deplored his untimely death or had more occasion for such feeling.

His father and my own were pioneer doctors in Michigan when it was a Territory and practically a wilderness, living but 12 miles apart, and he and I were born in the same county in the same year, and were classmates at the Michigan University, graduating in the same class from the law department of that institution. While there a strong friendship developed between us, and cordial and pleasant relations were always afterwards maintained. When I was elected a member of this House I instinctively turned towards him, not only as a friend but as an adviser and assistant, on account of his experience in the duties and details of business here.

After leaving Ann Arbor he settled in a part of Michigan distant from myself, and I soon left the State, so that I saw but little of him personally thereafter until meeting him here; but I always watched his course with interest and rejoiced at his successes in life. However, from so watching his course, from seeing him as I did, and from the universal testimony of all who knew him, I feel competent to correctly speak of him, and I know that he was in his manhood the natural outgrowth and development of his early promise. It has been well said: "The childhood shows the man, as morning shows the day." He was spotless in his character, and his integrity, probity, and honor were never questioned. In his profession and life he was eminently successful, and not by the mere glamour of brilliancy and transcendent genius, but rather by force of character, industry, integrity, studiousness, level-headed judgment, good habits, a determination to do his duty under all circumstances, and, withal, a laudable but reasonable ambition.

These qualities, as is almost always the case, led to success in life, and to an honorable position among men. At the very threshold of his career his ability as a lawyer and

worth as a man were recognized, and he was elected prosecuting attorney, filling this important position for some ten years. Following this he was a State senator in Michigan, a member of its constitutional commission, register of the United States land office, and for two years was a member of the Michigan house of representatives, and during this time served as its speaker, receiving such just recognition from his party that when elected to this important and responsible position he was a new member of that body. In 1884 he was a delegate to the Republican national convention at Chicago, and in the same year was elected a member of this body and had so continued until his untimely death, which occurred in the vigor of his manhood and at a time when it is reasonable to suppose his usefulness had just commenced.

When his various positions of honor, trust, and responsibility are considered, and it is remembered that they were all filled with credit to himself and an eye single to the interests of those whom he represented, and when in connection with this his life as a whole is viewed, it may well be said that his death was a public calamity as well as an inconsolable loss to his family and friends. It has, however, a bright side in the knowledge that the sum of his life and labors was a heritage of honor to his family and a shining mark well worth the emulation of all men.

> Whoe'er amidst the sons
> Of reason, valor, liberty, and virtue
> Displays distinguished merit, is a noble
> Of Nature's own creating.

Address of Mr. Chipman, of Michigan.

Mr. Speaker, I regret that my first utterance in this House is on an occasion of sadness, yet I am proud, very proud, that my native State has been represented here by a man entirely worthy of the encomiums which have just been bestowed on Mr. Moffatt.

In this age of ribald criticism and irresponsible accusation it is a great pleasure to know that a good man has been here. He indulged in no vain babblement on this floor, no fierce shrieking to catch the ear of fame. He was true and honest, consistent, laborious, useful. What higher eulogy can be passed on any man? Useful, sir, above everything—a faithful, efficient representative of his people. I do not say that he has anchored his name in history. How many have done that in the past—how many will do it in the future?

So it is saying a great deal to say that he was honest, he was useful, and that he has lain down to pleasant slumbers. The decent respect of this occasion is honestly his.

> The actions of the just
> Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

And he, though he has passed from mortal ken, has left us the perfume of his charity and kindliness.

Let us hope that all is well with him beside the great lake and beneath the snow of his native State—the beneficent snow which ripens the glory of the golden grain and presages the prosperity of happy homes.

Address of Mr. Gallinger, of New Hampshire.

Mr. Speaker, I esteem it a great honor to have been invited, on this sad occasion, to bring a single utterance of tender and loving tribute to the memory of our late associate, Seth C. Moffatt. Others, who knew him longer and better than I, have spoken of his distinguished public services and of his superior qualities of head and heart. I knew him only from the opening of the Forty-ninth Congress, but his gentle manners and quiet, unobtrusive life attracted my attention and led me to have a warm feeling of friendship for him. Our acquaintance began almost on the first day of the session, and many pleasant hours were spent in talking of the great possibilities and wonderful progress of the district he represented. Mackinac Island, that spot of almost unequaled beauty, around which cluster delightful traditions and historic memories, the marvelous lakes and rivers of the great State of Michigan, the famous "Soo," with its grand canal, unrivaled water-power, and magnificent commerce—all these served as topics for interesting conversation between us. His love for his State was sublime. On that theme he talked *con amore*, while on all general subjects he was a man of remarkable intelligence, wide culture, and great breadth of view. Withal, he was an amiable, honorable, conscientious gentleman.

> His life was gentle, and the elements
> So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
> And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

When the Fiftieth Congress met no warmer grasp was given my hand than by our late friend and associate. Then came the intelligence of his serious illness, and my heart, accustomed in a professional way to the anxieties and sor-

rows of the sick-chamber, went out in deepest sympathy to this good man, who, away from home and friends and family, was being ministered to by the hands of strangers. Death came soon, and the Christmas season, so full of joy and gladness to most of earth, brought unutterable grief to those who knew him best and loved him most. The devoted wife, on her mission of love, found when she reached Washington that death had preceded her, and then she realized, as every stricken and bleeding heart realizes, that—

> Along the roadside where we pass bloom few
> Gay plants of heart's-ease, more of saddening rue.

Mr. Speaker, I need not say more. Mine is but the tribute of a word. Our friend has gone never to return. He has escaped from the contentions and antagonisms of this world, and entered upon a better and higher life. Let us, in honoring his memory as we do to-day, strive to emulate his virtues, and to so live that it may be said of us as we would say of him:

> The good, they drop around us one by one,
> Like stars when morning breaks; though lost to sight,
> Around us are they still, in heaven's own light,
> Building their mansions in the purer zone
> Of the invisible; when round are thrown
> Shadows of sorrow, still serenely bright
> To faith they gleam; and blest be sorrow's night,
> That brings the o'erarching heavens in silence down,
> A mantle set with orbs unearthly fair!
> They dwell, divinely dwell, in memory,
> While life's sun declining bids us for the night prepare,
> That we, with urns of light, and our task done,
> May stand with them at last in lot unchangeable.

ADDRESS OF MR. CONGER, OF IOWA.

Mr. Speaker, this House has to-day put away the bustle and tumult of ordinary work to pay a merited tribute of respect and love to the memory of one of our number who has been recently called to a higher life, a nobler work. It is for us a sad yet grateful service. Sad because the places that have known our brother here shall know him no more forever; grateful for the associations hallowed by his presence; sad because of his untimely death, yet grateful for the sweet memories of his eventful life.

SETH C. MOFFATT was one of the first acquaintances I made in the Forty-ninth Congress; our first hand-shake was under such circumstances as made us friends, and I have ever counted that day blessed which gave me such a friend. I therefore gladly bring my laurel branch for the chaplet that we on this occasion shall weave for the memories and the victories of our departed colleague.

Others have most eloquently told the story of his distinguished life, of his birth, his boyhood, and manhood, all in his own loved Michigan, and of his splendid service to his native State. I only knew him here, in this national capital. But I knew him thoroughly; knew him as faithful and industrious representative, as able and conscientious legislator, as genial companion, as trusted friend, as devoted husband, as loving father, and as a Christian, manly man.

There is no place in the world where the measure of a man is more quickly and accurately taken than upon this floor. This measurement placed SETH MOFFATT high up on the roll. His words were few, but his sentences were golden; his judgment was safe, and his convictions unfaltering.

As a friend, he was ever kind and true; as a husband, he

was tender and thoughtful; as a father, most loving and indulgent. His family circle was truly and in the strictest sense a home. He gave every spare moment from his professional and public duties to his family, and was idolized by every member of it. His children and

> His loving wife beguiled him more than Fame's emblazoned zeal,
> And one sweet note of tenderness than Triumph's loudest peal.

As a citizen he was of the highest type. He was a man of profound reverence, of unfaltering faith in God and implicit trust in His divine promises, and a firm believer in the immortality of the soul. He also believed that moral character was salvation; that in this and all worlds men should and would be happy or miserable according to their deserts. He saw the revelations of God in the laws and forces of the universe and in the thoughts and loves of mankind.

He was a religious evolutionist, basing his hope for the future upon the record of the past, beholding a constant development in the spiritual as in the physical world, and hoping for an outcome of creation which would justify the infinite wisdom, the infinite love, and the infinite fatherhood of the Creator. His was a religion broad enough, deep enough, and high enough to take in all mankind. He believed and very often said that—

> There 's a wideness in God's mercy,
> Like the wideness of the sea;
> There 's a kindness in His justice
> Which is more than liberty.

And his daily walk was ever consistent with and continuously emphasized his religious faith.

Our friend was indeed small of stature, but in the kindness of his great heart, in the depth and strength of his friendship, in the tenderness and trustfulness of his love, in his devotion to duty, in the incomparable power and unstinted reverence of his intellect, in his faith that over all

is God blessed and blessing forever, he was a large, complete, well-rounded man, a splendid type of those men who have given strength and glory to the past and promise security and perpetuity for the future of our Republic.

> What constitutes a state?
> Not high-raised battlement or labored mound.
> Thick wall, or moated gate;
> Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned;
> Not bays and broad-armed ports,
> Where, laughing at the storm, proud navies ride;
> Nor starred and spangled courts,
> Where low-browed Baseness wafts perfume to pride.
> No! Men, high-minded men,
> With powers as far above dull brutes endued,
> In forest, brake, or den,
> As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;
> Men who their duties know,
> But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain!
> These constitute a state.

Of just such men was SETH C. MOFFATT. On the 22d day of December last he died; but as sure as God's sun shines he lives again. His life was a noble mission. Our heritage is his blessed memory. Let us emulate his virtues and profit by his example.

The question being then taken on the resolutions submitted by Mr. Burrows, they were adopted unanimously; and in accordance with the concluding resolution the House (at 5 o'clock and 20 minutes p. m.) adjourned.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE.

DECEMBER 22, 1887.

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. Clark, its Clerk, announced the death of Hon. SETH C. MOFFATT, a Representative from the State of Michigan, and communicated the resolutions of the House thereon.

Mr. PALMER. I ask for the reading of the resolutions of the House of Representatives.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore*. The resolutions will be read.

The Chief Clerk read as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, *December* 22, 1887.

Resolved, That the House has heard with sincere regret the announcement of the death of Hon. SETH C. MOFFATT, late a Representative from the State of Michigan.

Resolved by the House of Representatives (*the Senate concurring*), That a select joint committee consisting of seven members of the House and three members of the Senate be appointed to take orders for superintending the funeral and escort the remains of the deceased to their place of burial, and the necessary expenses attending the execution of this order be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House be authorized and directed to take such steps as may be necessary for properly carrying out the provisions of these resolutions.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate the foregoing resolutions to the Senate.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, *December* 22, 1887.

Ordered, That Mr. Cutcheon, Mr. Ford, Mr. Brewer, Mr. Wade, Mr. Fisher, Mr. Lyman, and Mr. Shively be the committee on the part of the House.

Mr. PALMER. Mr. President, I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore*. The resolutions submitted by the Senator from Michigan will be read.

The Chief Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with deep sensibility the announcement of the death of Hon. SETH C. MOFFATT, late a Representative from the State of Michigan.

Resolved, That the Senate concur in the resolution of the House of Representatives providing for the appointment of a joint committee to take order for superintending the funeral, and to escort the remains of the deceased to Traverse City, Mich., and that the members of the committee on the part of the Senate be appointed by the President *pro tempore*.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore*. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions.

The resolutions were agreed to unanimously.

Mr. PALMER. Mr. President, I give notice that at some future time I shall introduce resolutions commemorative of the merits of the deceased, which will afford an opportunity for remarks to be made upon the same. I now, out of respect to the memory of the deceased, move that the Senate adjourn.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore*. Before submitting the motion, the Chair will announce as the committee on the part of the Senate Messrs. Palmer, Teller, and Jones of Arkansas. The Senator from Michigan moves that the Senate do now adjourn.

The motion was agreed to, and the Senate adjourned.

MARCH 15, 1888.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore*. Pursuant to the notice given by the Senator from Michigan [Mr. Palmer] on the 5th instant, the Chair lays before the Senate resolutions from the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The Secretary read as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, *February* 29, 1888.

Resolved, That the business of the House be suspended, that suitable honors may be paid to the memory of Hon. SETH C. MOFFATT, late a Representative from the State of Michigan.

Resolved, That in the death of Mr. MOFFATT the country has sustained the loss of a safe legislator, a patriotic citizen, and an able and faithful public servant.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to his memory the House at the conclusion of these ceremonies shall adjourn.

Resolved, That the House communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Mr. PALMER. I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk for the consideration of the Senate.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore*. The resolutions submitted by the Senator from Michigan will be read.

The Secretary read as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate receives with deep sensibility the announcement of the death of Hon. SETH C. MOFFATT, late a member of the House of Representatives from the State of Michigan, and tenders to the family and relatives of the deceased the assurance of its sympathy in their bereavement.

Resolved, That the Secretary transmit a copy of the foregoing resolutions to the family of Mr. MOFFATT.

Address of Mr. Palmer, of Michigan.

Mr. President, the apothegm "speak nothing save good of the dead" has given rise to the epigram "false as an epitaph."

It is easy for a friend to pronounce a eulogy on a bad man. The mantle of charity covers all that is ill, and leaves affection free to create or portray an ideal, which tradition, fortified by friendship, can only partially justify.

The hand of the rustic artist may carve the fungi into attractive forms or paint the faces of its sections with suggestive and æsthetic scenes, but dense and valuable woods admit of no such freedom of treatment.

It is so of character. Where there is nothing for charity or regard to conceal, where there are virtues manifold, one must be careful to curb the imagination, lest a departure from exactness may throw discredit on a recital of qualities which truly reported make up a symmetrical whole.

Some men attain prominence by accident, some by effort, and some grow into it as naturally as the palm among lesser trees. The first may acquit themselves well for a brief season; the second often desire the insignia without the effort, and soon pass out of public sight; the third remain because their growth has put them there, and nature makes no mistakes.

Of the latter class was the man of whom I speak to-day. 'Twas not his fortune to figure in dramatic combinations; there was nothing startling in his career, at least to the outside world. What he achieved he had done quietly. Of slight frame and delicate organization, he was not fitted for many of those mental efforts which resemble the stroke of Richard of the Lion Heart. His was rather the scimiter

of Saladin, and what he did in influencing men was done by the subtle stroke of a finely-tempered mind—not that he ever dealt in finesse or chicanery; they were foreign to his nature.

He was atmospheric in his influence. Men were prepared to love him before they saw him, and they wished to agree with him before they knew him. It was not because he was effeminate that he was not aggressive, for when occasion demanded there were none of truer courage than he. His differences were never intensified by hate nor his opposition re-enforced by malice. He was a gentle man; not in the oriental sense, merely a mystic and a dreamer, for his life shows him to have been a worker and a man of results.

Sent to Congress by a constituency as sturdy as any, and more intelligent than most, men and women of culture and refinement, people who not only have accomplished but are still accomplishing, he had acquitted himself in a manner fully up to their expectations.

He was born forty-six years ago; not much of a space in a geological epoch or in the span of history, but it was enough to permit him to develop, to exfoliate, and to become and remain a man. There was nothing unusual in his youth; there was nothing but what he shared in common with thousands of others in his early manhood. His was steady normal growth from the cradle to the grave.

He filled many positions of dignity and trust; he was never found wanting. He was a member and speaker of the Michigan house of representatives, State senator, member of the constitutional convention, delegate to the Republican national convention, a member of the Forty-ninth and Fiftieth Congresses. To those who know with what eagerness these prizes are pursued by the men whose lungs are inflated by the winds of the prairies tempered by the Great Lakes,

where to be happy one must work, where the ozone of the air and the fruits of the earth contribute to the creation of forceful and the stimulation of feeble men, this record when read would incarnate the qualities required for successful competition in the frame of an athlete. On the contrary, this man achieved all this, or rather, he grew into it, retarded, as one might think, by a frame and physique as delicate as a woman's. Nay more, he sustained himself in each of them.

He was a lawyer; but his career was never tainted by a suspicion of barratry or oppression.

He was a politician; but with him "the end did not justify the means." His political life was subjected to and will bear the measurement of the severest code of morals.

He was a friend; and those coming in contact with him needed no assurance that he was true.

He was a husband; and in that far northern home, on the banks of that beautiful lake, amid the whispering pines and mournful hemlocks, a silent widow sheds unavailing tears above the grave of a companion regardful, chaste, and affectionate.

He was a father. Children "climbed his knee the envied kiss to share;" but his ambition for them was not that they should achieve distinction or acquire wealth, but that they should have and practice virtue.

He was a religious man—not in a sectarian sense. I think creeds would have cribbed and confined him, and arrested his growth; but he had the convictions which are the bases of all religion. He believed in the great overruling Power, in immortality, and the great law of compensation which at last makes all things even.

When I first met him the psychological and social chemicals of my nature unconsciously prepared the plate and

took his photograph. I have compared the outlines and the expression of my negative with my subsequent experience, and with others, and we all agree as to the correctness of the picture.

Such was SETH C. MOFFATT, Representative of the Eleventh district of Michigan, who died in this city at Providence Hospital on the 22d day of December, 1887. I have not intended to overstate his virtues. I shall

> No farther seek his merits to disclose,
> Or draw his frailties from their dread abode.

His frailties I did not know. He undoubtedly had them. I hope so. They are incident to the most exalted natures; they are essential to an exhaustive portrayal of a complete and lovable character; they are the shadows which nature, no less than art, demands for her most perfect work. The hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows, the aspirations and temptations, the defeats, the successes of forty-six years of this animated life must have swayed him at times, and in all probability he did not escape every pitfall; but the tenor of his life and the character of his sympathies assure me that his constant effort was toward consecutively higher planes of living.

Fine-fibered physique, kindly presence, responsive heart, well-balanced brain, all united in one, farewell! I know not what the future has in store for you; but I feel that when you threw off the vestments which here fetter us all, you entered upon that higher arena which the soul loves to contemplate and speculate upon, spiritually clean limbed and anointed, and that there the great Supervisor assigned you your proper place.

Among the things inscrutable on earth, and which assures us that we have a mortgage on eternity which our good friend and faithful attorney, Death, will in due time fore-

close, is this, that we who mourn those who have gone before have a right to know why a man so well equipped and impelled to give delight to others should be taken first "and those whose hearts are dry as summer's dust burn to the socket."

Surely the blank wall against which we fruitlessly beat with lacerated hands, which gives back nothing but an echo to our lamentations, and which to be passed must be tunneled by the grave, has its foundations laid partly upon other fields than those of earth, and when we emerge into the refulgent light of the other side all will be made plain.

Address of Mr. Paddock, of Nebraska.

Mr. President, it was not my good fortune to know Mr. Moffatt intimately, and I shall not attempt an extended review of his too brief, but eventful life. Nor, indeed, is this necessary. Others better qualified than myself have spoken of his career from boyhood to its sad and sudden close; have told the story of his struggles, his trials, and his successes. The voices of his associates, here and elsewhere, who were bound to him by ties of affection, who honored him for his manliness, his quiet, unyielding persistence, and his unbending integrity, have been heard in generous eulogy of his strong, well-rounded, admirable character.

The history of his triumphs as a lawyer and his faithful service as a Representative of the great Commonwealth of Michigan has been presented. The tributes of warm friendships, ruthlessly broken by the iron hand of death, have been laid with tears upon his grave, and the tremulous tones of bereaved affection have paid the last honors to departed worth.

Living in one of the busiest and most progressive of our western Commonwealths, where the struggle for preference and position is keenest, he was for more than twenty years identified with public life and the recipient of the confidence and respect of friends and neighbors. Mr. MOFFATT'S career was steadily upward. Successive tokens of public esteem evidenced the high appreciation in which his services to his State and the nation were held by those best qualified to judge. His unswerving integrity, his fidelity to every obligation, cemented friendships which will continue a pleasant memory to many long after beneficent Nature has effaced the marks of his newly-made grave.

Mr. MOFFATT was in the full meridian of life. He had achieved success by labor. He had won his way to honorable distinction by the inherent force of his character. Men respected him for what he was, not for what he seemed to be. His homely virtues commended him to those who admired sincerity, who abhorred mere display, and by whom the shams of society and the veneer in which false pretense and deception masquerade as honesty and truth were condemned.

He was in every sense of the word a self-poised man. His natural reserve was born of an innate modesty which declined self-assertion at the expense of self-respect. With a firm grasp on his mental resources, which were large, he preferred the esteem of his wide circle of friends to the fickle applause of the galleries or the evanescent notoriety of the press. A student of the political problems of the day, well equipped to grapple with topics affecting the national welfare, he was content to leave largely to others the acrimony of partisan debate and the bitterness of political controversy.

His mind was essentially a legal one. He was conserva-

tive in arriving at conclusions, slow to express an opinion, but when his judgment had crystallized an impression into a conviction it became the guiding motive of his action.

It was said of SETH C. MOFFATT by some that he kept himself in the background from excessive modesty. By others his reserve of manners was taken for indifference. He was far from indifferent. Keenly and properly sensitive of the great world around him, he was particularly regardful of the desires and interests of friends and the demands of the State which had honored itself by repeatedly honoring him.

Mr. President, death has removed from the councils of the nation an able, an honest man, and an experienced legislator. Words of praise in the presence of the dread destroyer seem at best cold and formal. They can not tame the night of his repose nor shiver the iron chain which binds his senseless clay. He had passed from the finite to the infinite, from the scenes of success into the shadows which shroud the future.

But he is not altogether dead, sir!

Non omnis moriar—

Exclaimed one of England's greatest writers—

if dying I yet live in a tender heart or two.

To be rich; to be famous? What do these count a year hence, when other names sound louder than yours; when you lie hidden away under the ground along with idle titles engraven on your coffin? But only true love lives after you, follows your memory with secret blessings, or precedes and intercedes for you.

"Praised be our Lord for our sister—the death of the body—from whom no man escapeth," sang St. Francis from the walls of his medieval monastery. The clear vision of the saintly monk whose life had been worn away in works of charity, amidst sin and suffering, saw, perchance, beyond "the vale between the peaks of two eternities," another

sphere in which flagging activities and wearied souls find new stimulus, enlarged scope for endeavor, and peaceful rest. To it there is but one portal—through that our friend has passed from sight at the end of his mortal pilgrimage.

ADDRESS OF MR. STOCKBRIDGE, OF MICHIGAN.

Mr. President, I can not permit this occasion to pass without adding my tribute to the memory of my departed friend. I was intimate with Mr. MOFFATT for twenty years, and in all those years knew of no word or act of his that I would wish to forget.

I am sure I voice the sentiment of Michigan when I say that no one of her citizens enjoyed more fully such confidence and entire respect than he to whose memory these exercises are a tribute. Michigan feels proud of Mr. MOFFATT, for he was born, educated, and grew to manhood within her borders. He served her well in her legislature, as speaker of her house of representatives, as a member of her constitutional commission, and in the Congress of the United States, and always, everywhere, was mindful of her best and truest interests, and in every position in which he was placed did his whole duty manfully and well, so that through long years of public service he grew year by year in the confidence and esteem of all who knew him.

His home was in one of the finest sections of his State, the great Traverse Bay region, a region with as intelligent and manly a population as any section of our country can boast of, and such a constituency evinced their high appreciation of the sterling qualities of Mr. MOFFATT by always keeping

him in prominent positions, to guard, protect, and further their interests.

The life of Mr. MOFFATT is a signal illustration of what may be accomplished by one born in the middle walks of life, if he has the industry, good sense, ability, and honor possessed by my departed friend. His life was a success, for he had in all respects acted well his part. From our common school and academy he passed through our great university, of which we are so proud, to our law school, and from there commenced the practice of his profession, and within a few years attained a position among the most eminent men at the bar in our State. In the midst of a rapidly growing region of his State, his business sagacity enabled him to accumulate a handsome competency, and his manly qualities and open, generous traits of character secured him a noble wife from among the many fair daughters of Michigan. To this beloved wife and their children he was all a loving and kind husband and fond father could be. So I repeat, his life was a success, and a noble illustration of what life may be in this favored country of ours.

In that far-off home, as a citizen, a neighbor, he has left the impress of his life and character upon all who knew him, and he will be held in honored and loving remembrance. He has left his monument in human hearts, more enduring than any marble column.

Those who knew him well could not fail to be impressed with the gentleness and amiability of his character. There were no bitter ingredients in his composition; goodness, charity, and a good heart were the foundation of his broad views and sympathy with mankind. Though his opinions were clearly defined and his convictions positive, he was utterly incapable of narrow prejudice or bitter enmity; and while he entered with vigor and enthusiasm into the busi-

ness life of his favored region, still his greatest enjoyment was in the quiet and affection of his own home, and among those he loved so well he found contentment and rest. He was generous and warm in his attachments; there was nothing calculating in his friendship.

Well do I remember his cordial, hearty greeting upon my arrival here December last, and his honest and warm assurance that he was glad I was to be here. His open and manly directness of speech won him the confidence of all.

I have spoken of my departed friend, Mr. MOFFATT, as a citizen, as a legislator, and a friend. As to what he was to his own home and to his family is not for any to tell, for none can tell. The hearts most bereaved by his death know not their own bitterness only, but the rich treasure they have held and still hold, forever. It is not for even a friend to enter that sanctuary.

His faith was unfaltering in everything fundamental to Christianity, and he held with a firm grasp the old and the true, and his daily life was the best possible proof of his sincerity.

Happy for us if we each, as the shadows lengthen, are filled with the hope which sustained him, and as the evening draws on can as serenely give up our account for the day's work, feeling that it has been faithfully done.

Mr. PALMER. I now move the adoption of the resolutions.

The resolutions were agreed to unanimously.

Mr. PALMER. I move, as a further mark of respect to the memory of our deceased friend, that the Senate adjourn.

The motion was agreed to; and the Senate adjourned.

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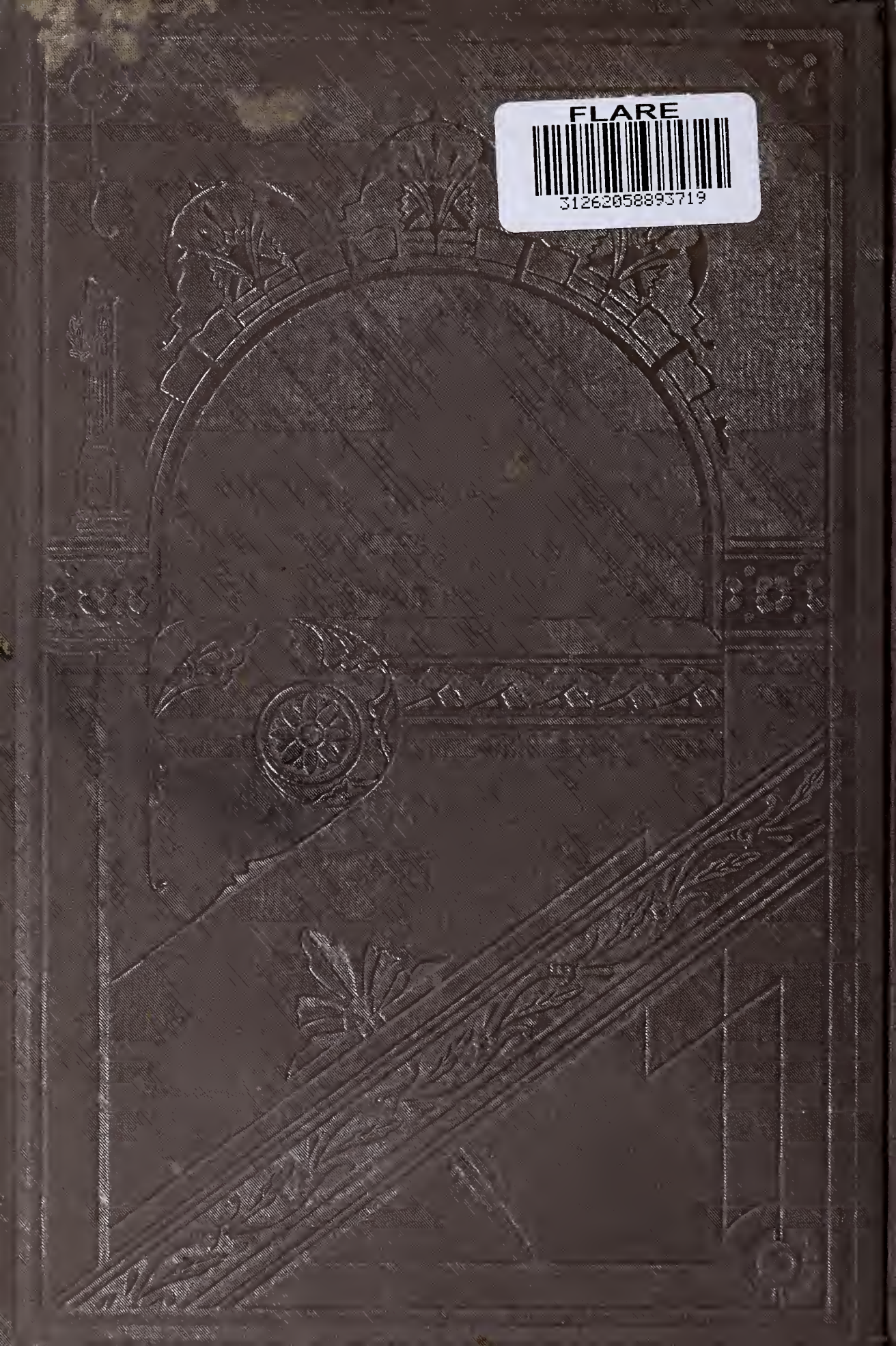
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